

MCCULLOUGH, W. M. INTERVIEW.

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Effie Jackson,
Interviewer,
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An Interview with W. M. McCullough,
Pioneer Peace Officer,
1748 West 37th St., Tulsa, Okla.

I was born in Brazil, Indiana, November 27, 1866. When fourteen, I moved with my parents, who were farmers, to Missouri. With the "go west" fever I joined the movement to the Indian Territory in 1891. I farmed for two years near where Bixby is today. I was foreman of the Jay Forsythe Ranch from 1893 to 1898. Then I was a farmer and owner of a general store at Fry until 1911. I was sheriff of Tulsa County from 1911 to 1922, except like Finnegan, I was "in 'agin' -out 'agin'", but mostly "in"; only out during the years 1915-16 and 1919 and 1920. I was with the Producers Refining Company for six years. I have been living in Red Fork since.

Now to go back to the old days, things were very different then. Maybe you would like to hear how we did things in those days when there was not much law, and the order was what you made. I remem-

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ber I came here with a man named White and farmed. We had a place down near Bixby, and Mr. White had a great many hogs. We counted all we could, which was about three hundred and twelve. They stayed around the log houses and cribs that were scattered about the place.

I never saw the like of fleas in all my life. In the spring of 1893, there was a great deal of rain and the mosquitoes were bad, nearly everybody got malaria and the Whites went back to Missouri, until he got well. I slept in the haynow in the summer until it got too hot, then I took my bedding and made a bed in an old horse trough under a big elm. In the daytime, I hung my bedding on the clothes line and that way I outwitted the fleas.

Mr. White took down with congestive chills, and his folks got very worried. Folks thought the third chill was sure to be fatal, and for some reason it generally was, I went to get the doctor who lived nine or ten miles south of Wier. About all he knew

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was what wouldn't kill you, but he wasn't at home, so when I got back I came to Tulsa for a doctor. Dr. Sam Kennedy got his team and went. He got there about daylight as we used to go over the draw known as Strawberry Creek, now 18th St., and then on southeast. I was pretty tired but followed Dr. Kennedy until he got to what is now 31st and Peoria. An Indian, named Ticibosky had a place there and I pulled in and laid down under a tree and slept until late the next morning.

When I got home, Dr. Kennedy had a big iron kettle filled with ears of corn boiling in the yard. About the time the chill began, he rolled the patient in a blanket and packed the hot soft corn about him, as hot as he could stand and kept it there until the sweat broke the chills.

There was a fellow named Bass who lived southeast of our ranch house. He had the land leased, and some cattle. John Hogan, a bachelor, lived one mile down in the bottom in a tent and had some live stock.

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Bass put in some wheat and was short a horse to work it, so he went to Hogan's to buy an unbroken mule he had. He offered him eighty dollars for it though Hogan wouldn't sell, but told him he could take the mule and work it. The mule got sick and died, now whose mule was it? Well, Bass offered Hogan forty dollars for it, but Hogan wouldn't agree so they decided to leave it to arbitration. Bass picked me, Hogan took Bob Fry and we picked old man Boyd, who ran the store. They both told us the same story. We went off and talked it over and decided Bass should pay the eighty dollars for the mule, so Bass gave Hogan a check and everybody seemed satisfied.

This one was always funny to me. Bass had sold Nicholson a lot of hay. The hay was put in ricks and allowed to settle for thirty days and then measured. It was supposed to measure four hundred and twenty-two cubic feet to the ton. Bass's wife was a school teacher and she figured it

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and Nicholson figured it and there was twenty tons difference. Well, they came to get me to figure it and said if my figures came closer to Mrs. Bass's, why Bass would pay me five dollars and if they came closer to Nicholson's why he would pay me five dollars. I figured it all right and there was just one ton difference between mine and Mrs. Bass.

The funniest case I ever settled was between two Dutchmen. It was the custom in share cropping for the owner to reserve the stalks. The first Dutchman, named Stalzburg, leased a farm from Ben Haggie, and paid cash rent for it and then sub-leased it to Jake Goering and was to take one third crop for rent. After the crop was gathered Jake turned his stock into the cornfield; that raised a big question. It was left to three of us to decide. Jake was irate "I raised them stalks and them's my stalks." We let him have them.

Judges got disgusted when an arbitration case

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was appealed and usually upheld them.

This was a pretty good country and had pretty good people. Some folks had to change their names but they did what they said they would.

About 1894, a circus came to Tulsa. They had six wagons, a monkey and a parrot, and I don't know what all. We had just shipped out a load of cattle, so after supper, thought we'd go to the show. There was a road running between Archer's Store and the railroad and across from there was Hodge's cornfield. The show tent was put up beside the fence of the cornfield. There weren't any banks in those days, so the fellows around the country used to leave their money with J. M. Hall or Bob Bynum. A man named Hughes had left his money with Bynum. He got fifty dollars and put it in his vest pocket and went to the show. He was in the tent gawking about when he felt a hand in his vest pocket; he turned to give chase when another fellow, an accomplice, stepped between and

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the first fellow got away. He was so angry, he took out his pocket knife and began to fight whatever was in the way. Well, everybody got out of the way, and pretty soon there was nobody left to fight so he shot the monkey and kicked the parrot to the top of the tent and then cut the guy ropes, and the tent fell. The showmen, themselves, ran off into the cornfield.

There was a fellow named Shanghai Pierce, who was from Texas, and he was a well fixed cattleman. He was about six feet four inches tall and you could hear him talk for a quarter of a mile. That night he had taken three girls to the show and when the ruckus started he ran off and left them. We met him on our way to the circus and he said, "Oh don't go over there, there's a man over there with a knife, cutting everything to pieces." The girls finally got out from under the tent, and found him sitting on the porch of the hotel, where the Terminal

Building is now. When they asked him why he didn't wait he said "I wouldn't have the papers come out

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tomorrow morning all spread with the headlines
"Shanghai Pierce gets killed in a ten cent show".
After it was all over the showman came back and
gave all the money back to Hughes.

In the early days, a person could fence as
much land as he wanted to for farming, but he
could only have a pasture a mile square.

Creek Council was held at Okmulgee, and con-
sisted of two houses. The House of Kings, which
corresponds to our House of Representatives. Legus
Perryman was the chief. George Perryman was a
pretty smart Indian, he went before the Council
and got a lease of a ten mile strip between the
Arkansas and Verdigris Rivers for five cents an
acre and then released it for cattle pastures to
cattlemen.